

CALLING WINSTON

By

DAN HAZLETT
&
GRACE HAZLETT

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(248)-674-4610
homestmusic@aol.com
danhazlett.com

Cast of Characters

ACTOR #1:: Announcer, Bing
Crosby/Jim/Dex, Carl Foreman,
Dad, Dougie, Federal Agent,
Frank Sinatra/Dennis/Chip,
Friend #3, Mervyn Le Roy,
Raggedy Man, Stanley Donnen,
Eric Blore/Mr. Gordon

ACTOR #2:: Academy Rep., Busby Berkley,
Chad, David Butler, Gene
Kelley/Eddie, Fred
Astaire/Lucky/Bob, Alan Freed,
Homeless Man, LouisArmstrong,
Offstage, PR Guy, Teddy
Wilson, Walt Disney

ACTOR #3:: Charlene, Friend #1, Rag
Woman, Rita Hayworth/Maria,
SnowWhite, Aline
MacMahon/Trixie

ACTOR #4:: Billie Holiday, Dottie,
Friend #2, GingerRogers/Penny,
Music Store Girl, Grocery
Woman, Esther Williams/K.C.
Higgins, Jean Hagen/Lina
Lamont, Ruby Keeler/Polly,
Doris Day/Ruth Etting, Singer,
Grace Kellly/Tracy Lord, Mom

JP::

WINSTON COLEMAN:

ACT 1



SCENE 1- WINSTON'S APARTMENT

Lights up on an old-fashioned New York City Apartment. The year is 1990. It is clear that an old person lives here. Upstage right is the front door. Upstage left is a hallway which leads to the bedrooms and bathroom. The wall between them is covered in signed pictures of famous musicians and singers. Downstage from this is the undisputed centerpiece of the apartment- Winston's piano. It is old and beaten-up, but clearly well-loved. Just to the left of the piano is a rickety table holding only an old-fashioned black bakelite rotary phone. To the right is a comfortable sofa. The apartment takes up the middle third of the stage. The space to the left and right is the past. Far upstage left, there is a raised platform, like the stage in a nightclub. Behind is a bandshell, where the band will be visible throughout the show. Other scenery will move on and off from the wings as necessary.

The front door opens, and JP enters, carrying a suitcase. He sets the suitcase down and surveys the room.

DOUGIE:

(Offstage)

JP?

JP:

(Out the door)

Third floor!

JP crosses to the couch and sits down, testing it. Dougie enters through the front door, carrying a large box.

DOUGIE:

What do you have in here, rocks?

JP:

(Absently, while inspecting the phone)

Books.

He sets down his box near JP's suitcase.

DOUGIE:

You know, when you said you were skipping out on the dorm, I figured this place would be bigger.

JP:

I guess he doesn't make a lot of money. Hey, do you know how to use one of these things?

Dougie crosses to the couch and inspects the phone.

DOUGIE:

Dude! This looks like something out of those movies my Grandma watches! It's like it was teleported here by some crazy time machine or something. Who are you trying to call?

JP:

My Grandma. She's paranoid. Thinks the second I land in New York I'll either become addicted to crack or join a cult or something.

JP picks up the receiver and starts dialing the phone, struggling. Dougie watches, clearly amused. Eventually he succeeds, and listens to it ring.

JP:

Hey, Gran! Yeah, it's me... Yes, I'm fine... No, no one tried to give me any drugs.

(He rolls his eyes at Dougie)

During the conversation, Dougie wanders over to the piano, inspects it, and tests out a few keys.

JP:

Naw, I haven't seen Uncle Winston at all. Maybe he went out for a walk or something.

(He winces)

Look, he wasn't here when I got here, that's all I know. I'm sure he's fine... I know, but I told you I was perfectly happy living in the dorm. I could have been roommates with Dougie!...No, no I'm very grateful that you're paying my tuition...What kind of trouble can an old man like him even get into?

Winston, 85, enters from upstage left, with his cane. He has heard his piano being played, and now he hears JP's phone conversation. JP has his back turned and doesn't notice.

JP:

Look, I promise that I'll look out for him, ok?... No, I won't let him-...yes, I understand. I'll keep him out of trouble.... Ok, love you too, Gran.

JP hangs up the phone. He turns and sees Winston.

JP:

(Embarrassed)
Oh, hey! You must be my Uncle Winston.

WINSTON:

So what does that make you?

DOUGIE:

Your new roommate!

JP:

Um, I'm JP? Charlene's grandson? Your sister Charlene?

WINSTON:

Oh, the California relations. So what are you doing here, Doc?

JP:

Doing- I'm moving in! She told you about this, right? I'm a freshman at NYU?

WINSTON:

Well, I have to get to the bottom of this.
(He heads over to the phone)
Don't get too comfortable!

JP:

(Frowning)
C'mon, Dougie. Let's get the rest of those boxes.

JP and Dougie exit through the front door while Winston dials the phone.

WINSTON:

Charlie! It's Winnie. Someone just showed up at my door claiming to be some relation to you!...No, I don't remember that!...You have a grandson?!...But why should I....No, of course I know how much I owe you....I'm very grateful...New York isn't any more dangerous than when we were kids...But I'm sure the dorms can't be that-...Ok, fine...Yes, I'll look after him, make sure he doesn't get into too much trouble...Yes, I'll stick to my diet...No, I'm not drinking. Not a drop...okay, talk to ya, Charlie.

Winston hangs up the phone. He walks over to the piano and sits down. He starts playing the opening chords to "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." JP and Dougie enter through the front door,

carrying boxes.

WINSTON:

Well, I guess you better take the back bedroom. It's through there, Doc (*he gestures to the stage left hallway*).

JP:

Ok. It's JP, by the way.

JP and Dougie continue to move boxes and bags into the apartment.

WINSTON:

SCRAMBLED, OVER EASY, OMELET OR POACHED,
CORNED BEEF HASH, SIDE OF TOAST,
BISCUITS AND GRAVY, COFFEE IN YOUR CUP,
BUT THE BEST WAY TO ROLL-

The band begins to play the song, and the lights come up downstage on the four company members. They are playing characters from the 1929 musical "Sunny Side Up." They take over the performance of the song from Winston, who continues to play piano in the background.

COMPANY:

-IS KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

START OFF YOUR DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

CLOUDS ARE ROLLING IN, COST OF GIN IS HIGH.

TRY A LITTLE SMILE ON THE PEOPLE PASSING BY.

ONE THING YOU CAN COUNT ON, PRICES WILL GO UP,

BEST WAY TO ROLL IS KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.
START OFF YOUR DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY,
KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.
PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,
KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN BETTER, IT CAN ALWAYS GET WORSE.
GOT A DOLLAR IN YOUR POCKET, GOT A JINGLE IN YOUR
PURSE.
YOU'RE NOT OUT ON THE CORNER HOLDING UP A SIGN.
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, LIFE IS TRULY FINE.

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.
START OFF YOUR DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY,
KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.
PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,
KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

*Lights down on the performers, lights up on the
apartment. Winston is still playing. JP enters.*

JP:

Great, no MTV, and now I have to listen to this
prehistoric music all the time.

Winston plays louder. Dougie enters.

DOUGIE:

Whoa, man, that song was catchy! who's that by?

WINSTON:

By? It's by me.

JP:

By you?, what, like you wrote it or something?

WINSTON:

Of course I wrote it. I'm a songwriter, that's what I do.

DOUGIE:

Oh, that's so cool! Have I heard any of your songs?

WINSTON:

(laughs)

I don't know, have you?

JP:

(to Dougie)

Don't encourage him.

WINSTON:

I think what you're really asking is, 'are any of my songs famous?' Let me tell you, son, I've spent a lifetime around famous folks and they're just like anyone else- they all put their pants on one day at a time.

JP:

I think it's actually-

WINSTON:

Louis Armstrong once said to me-

Lights up downstage on Louis Armstrong.

LOUIS:

What do I want to get famous for? What do I care about famous? The public does that. That ain't me man. I just blow.

Lights down on Louis Armstrong.

DOUGIE:

You knew Louie Armstrong? Like, way back in the fifties?

WINSTON:

No, I met Louis back when they were still making 78s. You know, before the invention of the wheel.

JP:

78s?

DOUGIE:

Yeah, those big CDs old people used to listen to!

Dougie and JP laugh.

WINSTON:

Yeah, good old Satchelmouth . . .

J.P:

I thought they called Armstrong Satchmo.

WINSTON:

The nickname started out as Satchelmouth because someone said his mouth was the size of a satchel. Then he went over to England and this writer, Percy Brooks said "Hello Satchmo!" Which is how Satchelmouth sounded to Louis with an English accent. I guess he liked it because after that he started introducing himself that way.

J.P:

Are you making this up?

WINSTON:

By the time I was your age I was already working on Tin Pan Alley. When I got started, getting a gig as a song plugger was the way to get your foot in the door.

DOUGIE:

What's a song plugger?

JP:

What's Tin Pan Alley?

WINSTON:

Back then, every family had a piano or player piano, and for entertainment everyone would gather 'round the piano and sing together.

DOUGIE:

That sounds nice.

WINSTON:

It was nice. It was the job of the song plugger to demonstrate the latest songs, and get people to buy the sheet music.

Lights down on the apartment. Winston stays in the light. He plays a few chords from "Let me Call You Sweetheart" as a Girl enters. Winston flirts a little as he sings.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.

GIRL:

Oh, I'll take that one.

Winston hands her the sheet music from his piano.

WINSTON:

That'll be 15 cents.

lights up on the apartment as the Girl leaves.
If you did well, you could make upwards of twenty bucks a week.

JP

Twenty dolllars! That won't even keep me in burgers!

WINSTON:

It was pretty good money while it lasted, Doc.

JP:

My name is JP.

DOUGIE:

Well, what happened?

WINSTON:

Radio. Once families could hear all the big stars of the day live in their parlors, they stopped singing together. Demand for sheet music dried up. At least the nickelodeons always needed piano players.

JP:

You're talking about movies?

DOUGIE:

Silent movies!

WINSTON:

Doc's right. We just called them movies. That job was fun. Sometimes there was a score to follow, but if the manager wasn't around, I'd just improvise anyway. I'd play stuff like...

Winston begins to demonstrate music for a silent film scene. After a moment, JP and Dougie move downstage and begin to act out a silent scene appropriate to the music. Suddenly, Dougie starts to cough. Dougie starts to speak, but can't be heard over the music.

JP:

Hey, can you stop?!

Winston abruptly stops playing.

DOUGIE:

I was saying, the robbers are at the Old Mill!

JP:

Then let's go!

WINSTON:

Right. After sound came in, all of us songwriters could see the writing on the door.

JP:

I'm pretty sure it's writing on the-

WINSTON:

It was clear to me that the next way to make a name for myself as a songwriter was to try and get hired to write the songs for a Hollywood musical. Luckily, I had a contact in the industry.

The phone rings. Winston crosses to it and answers it. As he does, lights come up downstage on Charlene, on the phone.

WINSTON:

Hello?

CHARLENE:

Winnie! How's the job hunt going?

WINSTON:

Well, it's tough, Charlie. Everyone's putting in these new Vitaphone systems. Seems like I'll have to go to Kansas to find anyone still looking for an accompanist. How's the new job in sunny California?

CHARLENE:

It never rains. You know what they say, make hay while you're on the sunny side of the street. Things out here are booming. Seems to me, the best way to make a name for yourself as a songwriter is to get hired to write the songs for a musical. They're all the rage these days. And I just so happen to have a script in front of me right now. Speaking of 'sunny,' it's called "Sunny Side Up." I'll put it in the mail.

WINSTON:

Won't that get you in trouble with Mr. Hays?

CHARLENE:

Ehh, what he doesn't know won't kill the cat.

WINSTON:

Well, if you're sure. . . Thanks, Charlie!

*Winston hangs up the phone and turns to the boys
as though nothing has happened.*

I was naive and optimistic. I thought, I'll write the
title tune, and they'll be bound to let me write the
other songs.

*Lights down on the apartment. Lights up
downstage, where David Butler and Charlene are
watching a Singer perform "Sunny Side Up."*

SINGER:

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

The Singer exits.

CHARLENE:

Well, what do you think?

DAVID BUTLER:

It's okay. He's got some good ideas. But I've already
got Ray Henderson and DeSylva working on the songs.
Tell your brother I'm sorry.

*Lights down downstage. Lights up on the
apartment.*

JP:

You must have been upset.

WINSTON:

Well, it was a pretty good lesson about the nature of
the movie business. But you know the old saying-
don't cry in your spilled beer.

JP:

Milk. Spilled *milk*.

WINSTON:

Anyway, that was 1929 and there was too much
Depression going on right then for anyone to worry
over one missed chance.

DOUGIE:

You know, they make medication for that these days.

WINSTON:

No, The Great Depression. Aren't you a college student?

JP:

The Great Depression was the largest economic downturn in American history!

DOUGIE:

Yeah, yeah. Anyways, I have an astrophysics lecture in twenty. I should go.

Dougie gets up to leave. JP follows him to the door.

JP:

Hey, thanks for the help, man.

DOUGIE:

Yeah, yeah, I only did it 'cause I thought there'd be pizza.

JP and Dougie execute an elaborate handshake. Dougie exits.

WINSTON:

That genius is studying astrophysics?

JP:

Nah, he just has a crush on the professor. So you lived through the Great Depression?

WINSTON:

Yeah, tough times. Everywhere you went you could hear the sound of markets crashing and rich folks sobbing. The rest of us didn't have any money either.

Winston gets up from the piano and walks downstage, as light go down on the apartment. Lights come up downstage on a Depression scene. A homeless man is begging, a woman is collecting used clothes, and another woman is carrying groceries.

We made it through because folks stuck together.

Winston sees the homeless man, and digs through his pockets to find a nickel. He drops the coin in the man's cup. Meanwhile, the woman with groceries shares a loaf of bread with the rag woman and continues on her way. Winston shivers. The rag woman gives him a coat.

*A raggedy man stumbles onstage and approaches
the Grocery Woman.*

RAGGEDY MAN:

See that building up there? That was my office, I was
the biggest financier on Wall Street.

He stumbles over to the rag woman.

RAGGEDY MAN:

I used to have my suits custom made. Now look at me!
What a tragedy!

WINSTON:

At least you had something to lose.

I NEVER HAD A NICKEL,

WHEN A NICKEL WAS A NICKEL,

AND FOLKS LIKE YOU JUST COULDN'T SPARE THE TIME.

RAG WOMAN:

BUT THE HAND OF FATE IS FICKLE,

THERE GOES THE OLD YEAR WITH HIS SICKLE,

NOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEGGING FOR A DIME.

ALL:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME,

MELANCHOLY AS A MAN MIGHT BE.

GROCERY WOMAN:

A GENT OF WEALTH AND PRIVILEGE,

WAITING FOR YOUR PORRIDGE,

RAG WOMAN:

DARLING OF SOCIETY

ALL:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME.

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH YOU,

WHINING HOW YOU ARE SO VERY BLUE.

WINSTON:

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DIFF,

BETWEEN YOU AND A WORKING STIFF,

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

YOU DON'T CATCH THE IRONY.

ALL:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME.

GROCERY WOMAN:

WHEN THE LADING AT THE DOCK STOPS,

AND IT'S TRADING AT THE HOCK SHOPS,

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THAT.

HOMELESS MAN:

A MAN OF YOUR GENTILITY,

WITH NO EXTRA ABILITY,

MUST JUST RELY ON HOLDING OUT YOUR HAT.

ALL:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME,

STARVING LIKE A SAILOR, LOST AT SEA.

YOU SEEM SO VERY MIRTHLESS,

NOW YOUR STOCKS AND BONDS ARE WORTHLESS,

SUCH DELICIOUS IRONY.

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME.

GROCERY WOMAN:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE,

HOMELESS MAN:

THE CROUCHING ON THE STOOP LINE,

RAG WOMAN:

THE DOWN AND DESTITUTE LINE,

WINSTON:

THE NEVER CAN RECOUP LINE,

ALL:

STANDING IN THE SOUP LINE WITH ME.

*Lights down on the Depression scene, lights up
on the apartment. Winston returns to to the
piano, but before he sits, he turns to JP.*

WINSTON:

Now that it's just the two of us, I guess I should show you a little hospitality. You look like the kind of man who likes a drink every now and then, right Doc?

JP:

Um....

WINSTON:

We're in luck- I happen to have just the thing right here.

Winston reaches into the piano and pulls out a bottle of alcohol. He takes glasses from a cabinet and pours two drinks. He hands one to JP, and starts to drink from the second.

JP:

I thought you weren't supposed to be-

WINSTON:

Well, I can't let you drink alone, can I? That'd be bad manners. Bottoms up!

Winston throws back his drink like a pro. JP takes a cautious sip.

WINSTON:

Everyone needs a little fortifying from time to time. Especially during the crash, when folks were feeling about as low as a tuba in a piccolo quartet. Trouble was, back in 1920 those eggheads up on Capital Hill had decided it would be in the nation's best interest to outlaw the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

JP:

Are you talking about Prohibition?

WINSTON:

As far as I'm concerned, the only good that ever came out of it was all the gigs we got in gin mills and blind pigs. As the saying goes, when life gives you lemons, put a twist in your martini.

JP:

You can't actually think that's the saying.

WINSTON:

Oh, you wouldn't believe some of the things that went on there.

Lights up downstage on a speakeasy scene, as

Winston begins playing "Speakeasy." The band joins him in playing. The Company enters and dances during the opening of the song.

COMPANY:

BATHTUB GIN, BUY IT BY THE HALF QUART,
BOOTLEG BOURBON, SMUGGLED INTO CLOSED PORT,
BARRELS OF BEER, BUBBLY AND BREEZY,
WHO PUT THE EASE IN SPEAKEASY?

RUM FROM THE RUNNERS, CARRIED IN BY STEAM SHIP,
MOONSHINE BECOMES YOU, DON'T LET YOUR FEET SLIP.
ROLLING IN THE GUTTER, FEELING PRETTY QUEASY,
WHO PUT THE EASE IN SPEAKEASY?

FROM NOME TO PEORIA, ALBANY TO LINCOLN,
EVERYWHERE YOU TURN, EVERYBODY'S STINKING.
WHO PUT THE ILL IN DISTILLATION?
WHO PUT IN IN INEBRIATION?

BETTING ON THE NUMBERS, PONIES AT THE RACE TRACK,
BORROW ON YOUR FUTURE, GAMBLING TO PAY BACK,
VISIT FROM THE SHYLOCK, GETTING PRETTY SQUEEZY,
WHO PUT THE EASY IN SPEAKEASY?

AL AND LUCKY MAKING OUT BIG TIME,
SCOTT AND EUBIE PUMPING OUT THE RAGTIME,
WHO PUT THE FIRM IN FERMENTATION?
WHO PUT THE IN IN INEBRIATION?

During the dance break, Winston leaves the piano and tipsily attempts to join in the dancing. After a few awkward interactions, he sits down at a table with a bottle of booze.

COMPANY:

BATHTUB GIN, BUY IT BY THE HALF QUART,
 BOOTLEG BOURBON, SMUGGLED INTO CLOSED PORT,
 BARRELS OF BEER, BUBBLY AND BREEZY,
 WHO PUT THE EASE IN SPEAKEASY?
 WHO PUT THE EASE IN SPEAKEASY?
 WHO PUT THE BOOZE IN CALABOUSIE?
 WHO PUT THE HOOTCH IN HOOTCHIE KOOTCHIE?
 WHO PUT THE GIG IN GIGGLE WATER?
 WHO PUT THE HOT IN HOT TODDY?
 WHO PUT THE TEENY IN MARTINI?
 WHO PUT THE EASE IN

COMPANY AND BAND MEMBERS:
 SPEAKEASY?

COMPANY:

WHO PUT THE EASE IN

COMPANY AND BAND MEMBERS:
 SPEAKEASY?

Suddenly, from offstage comes the sound of whistles as flashlight beams cross the stage. Somebody shouts "Police!"

COMPANY:

WHO PUT THE EASE IN SPEAKEASY?

The Company scatters, running offstage. Winston, with his bottle, runs upstage to his piano as lights go down downstage and come up on the apartment. He hastily hides his contraband in the piano, and slams it shut on the last beat of the music.

The phone rings. As Winston crosses to answer it, he notices the drink glasses still out. As

he picks up the phone, he grabs the glass and tries to get JP's attention with it.

WINSTON:
Hello?

JP doesn't seem to get it, so Winston tosses the glass to him. JP fumbles the catch and drops the glass on the floor with a loud crash.

CHARLENE:
What on earth is going on over there?

Lights up downstage on Charlene.

WINSTON:
(to JP)
Sshhhhhh!

JP looks confused.
(To Charlene)
Nothing, nothing! It was just the cat!

CHARLENE:
You don't have a cat.

WINSTON:
It's a loaner. I'm trying it out.

CHARLENE:
Hmmm. Anyway, I'm reviewing a new musical for code violations, called Gold Diggers of 1933 and I think it's time you went back to the drawing room. It's about out-of-work showgirls and it's going to be a real hit. We've got Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell. Joan Blondell, I know how you like her.

WINSTON:
Charlie!

CHARLENE:
I even know what scene you should write for. Listen to this...

Charlene reads from a copy of the screenplay as "Trixie."

TRIXIE:
Uh-huh! Mooning over that good-for-nothing songwriter again! Where's that going to get you?

Lights up downstage on a scene from Goldiggers of 1933. Polly, played by Ruby Keeler is staring longingly out of a window.

POLLY:

He's wonderful!

Charlene crosses to her, transforming into Aline Macmahon as Trixie as she does.

TRIXIE:

Honey, He's a songwriter.

The band plays the opening chords to "Only a Songwriter."

TRIXIE:

YOU'RE YOUNG, THE SKY'S THE LIMIT.

HONEY, STOP AND THINK A MINUTE.

WHEN YOUR HAIR HAS GRAY STREAKS IN IT,

HE'LL STILL BE CROUCHING AT THAT SPINET.

THERE IS NO FUTURE IN IT, YOU'RE COURTING YOUR
DOWNFALL,

HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER AFTER ALL.

FROM LA TO THE ATLANTIC,

YOU CAN FIND A GOOD MECHANIC.

EVEN BUTCHERS ARE QUITE GAINFULLY EMPLOYED.

YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK,

YOU CAN FIND A WORKING COOK,

EVERYWHERE THAT DINNER IS ENJOYED.

HERE'S THE REASON THEY'RE MALIGNED, DEAR

WHEN THE BIG CONTRACTS GET SIGNED HERE,

HE WON'T FIND A PLACE TO PUT HIS JOHN HANCOCK.

HE'LL STILL BE HUMMING BARS OF EIGHT,

TRIXIE: (CONT'D)

LIKE A DISTRACTED REPROBATE,
WHEN YOU'RE EIGHTY AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO HOCK.

HE'S ONLY A SONGWRITER
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LIKE;
AT THE PIANO ALL DAY LONG,
OUT CABARETING EVERY NIGHT.
DON'T GO WASTING ALL YOUR TIME.
HE WON'T BE MAKING ONE THIN DIME.
HE'LL NEVER SHOWER YOU IN DIAMOND RINGS AND FURS.
YOU WON'T BE GOING TO THE ROCKEFELLER'S BALL.
HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER AFTER ALL.

HE IS NOT THE ONE THEY'LL SEEK,
WHEN THE PLUMBING SPRINGS A LEAK.
NO ONE SUMMONS THE MUSICIAN IN DESPAIR.
IT WON'T BE HIM THEY'LL CALL
WHEN THE PLASTER STARTS TO FALL.
THEY WON'T BE SCREAMING, HEY, THIS CHORUS NEEDS
REPAIR.
NO ONE EVER YELLED "DISASTER!
CAN YOU GET HERE ANY FASTER?
NEED A HOUSE CALL, I'VE GOT MUSIC ON THE BRAIN."
WHOEVER HEARD, "HEY YOU'RE IN LUCK,
YOU CAN MAKE A TIDY BUCK
'CAUSE I NEED SOMEONE TO PUNCH UP MY REFRAIN."

TRIXIE: (CONT'D)

HE'S ONLY A SONGWRITER
 AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LIKE;
 AT THE PIANO ALL DAY LONG,
 OUT CABARETING EVERY NIGHT.
 DON'T GO WASTING ALL YOUR TIME.
 HE WON'T BE MAKING ONE THIN DIME.
 HE'LL NEVER SHOWER YOU IN DIAMOND RINGS AND FURS.
 HE IS NOT SOMEONE THAT FDR WILL CALL.
 HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER AFTER ALL.

HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER,
 WILL NOT MAKE A GOOD PROVIDER,
 OR A WEDDING VOW RECITER,
 PUTS THE SIGH IN UNDECIDER,
 A YOUNG GIRL NEEDS A WEALTHY MAN TO GUIDE HER.
 HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER,
 ONLY A SONGWRITER,
 HE IS ONLY A SONGWRITER AFTER ALL.

Mervyn LeRoy enters.

MERVYN:

No, no no! That song is never gonna work. There's no reason for it! There always has to be a reason for a song in a movie.

Busby Berkely enters. Trixie and Polly exit.

BUSBY:

I like it. All we have to do is make it a big production number.

MERVYN:

People don't just randomly break into song in the middle of a conversation, Busby. No audience is ever
 (MORE)

MERVYN: (CONT'D)
going to believe that in a movie.

BUSBY:
Are you kidding me? It's visionary. In a couple of years, everyone will be doing it.

Lights down downstage, lights up on the Apartment, and Charlene, still on the phone.

CHARLENE:
I'm real sorry, Winnie.

WINSTON:
There's no accounting for taste. But don't worry, Charlie, I'll survive.

Winston Hangs up the phone. Lights down on Charlene.

(to JP)
She always did look out for me. Sometimes that's just the way the cookie bounces.

JP:
What!?

BLACKOUT.

Scene 2-Winston's Apartment

Lights up on the apartment. A few weeks have passed. The apartment shows signs of JP's occupation, including a boombox and a pile of cassettes near the piano. JP enters with a backpack, fresh from class. He puts his bag down on the couch and crosses to the boombox. He selects a cassette, puts it in, and turns the boombox on. It blasts "The Humpty Dance." JP starts dancing as he makes his way back over to the couch. Winston enters, alerted by the loud music.

WINSTON:
Doc! What is that noise?!

JP:
It's music!

WINSTON:
No, I love music. What is this?

Winston turns off the music.

JP:

Hey, it's cool!

WINSTON:

Cool? Let me tell you about cool. Cool were the guys who used to play at Chumley's down on Bedford Street. They were my professors, that was my school, and jazz was the subject. It didn't take long for me to fall head over heels.

The phone rings. As Winston answers it, lights up downstage on Teddy Wilson.

TEDDY:

Hey, man, it's Teddy Wilson. You gotta get down here. There's a new singer down here and she's gonna debut one of your songs tonight!

The apartment transforms into a jazz nightclub. The wall opens to reveal the band, jamming on "My Secret Honey Pie." Winston wanders into the club, entranced by the music. As Billie performs, she flirts with various members of the audience Winston watches the band, and falls in love. He wanders up to the band, where he introduces himself to the musicians, who welcome him. The piano player invites him to sit next to him.

BILLIE:

WHO BRINGS ME DAFFODILS, WHO PAYS MY 'LECTRIC BILLS,

WHO PUTS THE SPARKLE IN MY EYE?

WHEN I'VE BEEN GONE AWHILE, WHO DOESN'T CRAMP MY
STYLE,

WHO DOESN'T HOLLER TILL I CRY?

WHO IS MY SECRET HONEY PIE?

WHEN I'VE BEEN EXTRA BAD, WHO NEVER GETS REAL MAD,

WHO DOESN'T ALWAYS THINK I LIE?

WHO SAYS HE CAN'T RESIST, WHO NEVER MAKES A FIST,

WHO BRINGS ME LIQUOR WHEN I'M DRY?

WHO IS MY SECRET HONEY PIE?

BILLIE: (CONT'D)

COULD IT BE YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

MAYBE IT'S YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

During the musical break, Billie wanders over to the bar to have a drink, while the piano player shows Winston how to play jazz. Soon, Winston is playing a duet with the pianist. The lights go down, another night. An announcer from offstage says:

ANNOUNCER:

And now, please welcome to the stage, the singer known as Lady Day, the incomparable Billie Holiday!

The lights and music swell to reveal Billie standing next to Winston at his piano. During the last verse, she continues to flirt with the audience, but more and more her attention is on Winston.

BILLIE:

WHO DOESN'T STOMP AND SHOUT, WHO DOESN'T LOCK ME OUT,

WHO DOESN'T NEED AN ALIBI?

WHO DOESN'T STORM AND RAGE BECAUSE I LIKE MY GAGE?

WHO DOESN'T BLACKEN UP MY EYE?

WHO IS MY SECRET HONEY PIE?

COULD IT BE YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

MAYBE IT'S YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

COULD IT BE YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

MAYBE IT'S YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU, BABY YOU, YOU,
YOU, BABY YOU, YOU, YOU?

The nightclub transitions back into the apartment.

WINSTON:

That was jazz. And jazz was cool.

JP:

I'm sure jazz was great, but hip hop is too. You just haven't heard the right song yet. Here.

JP gets up and walks to the boombox. He changes the cassette and turns it on. "You can't touch this" comes on.

WINSTON:

(to himself)

Touch what?

JP can see he isn't convinced.

JP:

Really, you just have to see the dance. I'll show you!

JP gets up, and performs the Hammer Time dance. When he's finished, he turns the music off.

(suddenly embarrassed)

It's kind of silly, but it's fun! It's the latest craze.

WINSTON:

Oh, I know all about dance crazes. I've lived through all of 'em. The stories I could tell you about dance crazes....

The phone rings. Winston gets up to answer it as lights come up downstage. Charlene, phone in hand, forcefully rolls onstage in her office chair. He answers the phone

CHARLENE:

Hey Winnie! Have I got a script for you! It's a Fred and Ginger vehicle called *Swing Time*. Right up your alley!

WINSTON:

If you say so. Sending me the script?

CHARLENE:

Already in the mail. There's one scene I think you should take a look at. Ginger is teaching Fred how to
(MORE)

CHARLENE: (CONT'D)
dance and it's going badly-

WINSTON:
Wait, she's teaching him?

CHARLENE:
Oh, he's only pretending he doesn't know how. It's a romance!

*Lights down on Charlene and the apartment.
Lights up on the set of Swing Time. Penny
(played by Ginger Rogers) and Lucky (played by
Fred Astaire) have just been interrupted by her
boss, Mr. Gordon (played by Eric Blore).*

LUCKY:
Oh, Miss Carrol, I want to show Mr. Gordon how much
you've just taught me.

PENNY:
Oh, never mind.

LUCKY:
That's very sweet of you,

PENNY:
Please...

LUCKY:
I'm very anxious for Mr. Gordon to see this because I
think it's a very interesting experiment. Now, eh how
did you say that last step went? Eh, oh, yes!

*Lucky executes a complicated tap step. Penny is
shocked. The band begins playing "Show me the
Steps."*

LUCKY:
I PREFER THE KEY IN D

WHEN I AM LEARNING THE LINDY.

EXPLAIN TO ME WHY THEY CALL IT THE HOP.

NEXT TIME I'M IN DURANGO,

I WILL BE DOING THE TANGO,

EVERYBODY DANCING TILL THEY DROP.

LUCKY: (CONT'D)

THEN I WILL LEARN THE BLACK BOTTOM.

HEY, SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM,

TILL IT STARTS GETTING WAY TOO HOT.

THEY WILL YELL "AY CARAMBA!

THAT BOY CAN DO THE SAMBA!"

NEXT IT'LL BE THE TURKEY TROT.

SHOW ME THE STEPS, SHOW ME THE STEPS,

YOU'LL BE SO GLAD WE EVER DID MEET.

SHOW ME THE STEPS, SHOW ME THE STEPS,

SOON AS I START TO FEEL THE BEAT.

PENNY:

DANCE WITH ME,

TRY YOUR LUCK.

FIRST ONE IS FREE,

NEXT ONE'S SEVEN BUCKS.

DANCE WITH ME,

I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES.

FIRST ONE IS FREE,

DON'T GET UP YOUR HOPES.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE STEPS, SHOW YOU THE STEPS,

ALREADY SORRY WE EVER DID MEET.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE STEPS, SHOW YOU THE STEPS,

CERTAIN THAT YOU HAVE TWO LEFT FEET.

LUCKY:

PENNY:

JUST BE PREPARED TO
GRAPPLE,

WHEN SHOWING ME THE
BIG APPLE.

THAT'S WHEN THINGS
REALLY START TO SWING.

SHOW ME OR IT WILL BE
A CRIME

TO DO THE CAKEWALK OR
RAGTIME.

I'M GONNA MASTER THE
BUCK AND WING.

SHOULDN'T BE ALL THAT
HARD, SON,

TO IMAGINE ME DOING
THE CHARLESTON.

PHONE UP THE TIMES AND
SPREAD THE NEWS.

I'M NOT GUILTY OF A
FLIM FLAM.

I JUST WANT TO LEARN
THE SHIM SHAM.

MY TOES'LL BE TAPPING
TO THE BLUES.

LUCKY:

SHOW ME THE STEPS,

PENNY:

I'LL SHOW YOU THE STEPS,

LUCKY AND PENNY:

WE'LL BE SO GLAD WE EVER DID MEET.

LUCKY:

SHOW ME THE STEPS,

PENNY:

I'LL SHOW YOU THE STEPS,

DANCE WITH ME,
DON'T BE SHY.
FIRST ONE IS FREE,
AFTER THAT, "GOODBYE."

DANCE WITH ME,
TAKE A CHANCE.
FIRST ONE IS FREE,
DON'T COUNT ON
ROMANCE.

LUCKY AND PENNY:

SOON AS WE START TO FEEL THE BEAT.

SOON AS WE START TO FEEL THE BEAT.

SOON AS WE START TO FEEL THE BEAT.

As soon as the song is over, Fred steps away from Ginger and addresses his director, speaking toward the audience.

FRED:

I don't mean to cause trouble, but there's just too many words in that song. We can't possibly do all this dancing and sing this thing too.

GINGER:

What's the matter Fred, don't you think you can manage it?

FRED:

(To Ginger)

As if you weren't gasping for breath.

(To the audience)

Surely there's another song that will work. Maybe we can do a dance number without any singing?

Lights down downstage. Lights up on the apartment.

WINSTON:

Ah, that was the story of my life. But like they say, when you fall off a horse, you have to get back on your bicycle-

JP:

Horse!

WINSTON:

-and I had just been offered a steady gig- touring with Artie Shaw's band. His singer at the time was the great Billie Holiday.

JP:

She's the one who sang that song you wrote?

WINSTON:

There's never been anyone better.

JP:

So where did you go on tour?

WINSTON:

Oh, everywhere. Tours then weren't like they are now. We would take the train from town to town and play anywhere we could. Hotels, nightclubs, ballrooms. We went out West. And down South, that was hard.

JP:

How come?

WINSTON:

Well, Billie was our star. But no matter how great she was, she still got treated like a second class citizen. Some of the things we saw...Doc, I hope you never have to know about that.

The apartment transforms into an after-hours nightclub. Winston sits at the piano, riffing on "Nobody can Know." Billie joins him.

BILLIE:

It's too dangerous.

WINSTON:

Don't give up on me, Billie. We'll find a way to make it work.

Spotlight on Louis Armstrong downstage. As he sings "Nobody Can Know," Billie sits on the piano bench next to Winston. They are cautiously affectionate.

LOUIS:

OUT BEYOND THE MIDNIGHT FIELDS,
UNDER TABLE MOUNTAIN PINES,
WHERE THE BREEZE IS LIKE A KISS ON THE CHEEK
AND THE HEARTBREAK MOONGLOW SHINES,
WHERE THE FALLEN NEEDLES FEEL LIKE DOWN
JUST LIKE YOUR GRAMMA'S OLD FEATHER BED,
WE WILL LAY DOWN IN THE DEEP INDIGO
OF THE LIGHT FROM THE PLANETS OVERHEAD.

NOBODY CAN KNOW, NOBODY CAN KNOW.

BE THE SOUL OF DISCRETION

LOUIS: (CONT'D)

WHEN YOU'RE VOICING YOUR CONFESSION
 IN A SESSION WITH THE WIND AND THE TREES.
 NOBODY CAN KNOW, NOBODY CAN KNOW.
 IF YOUR ADORING SWEET EXPRESSION
 CONVEYS THE WRONG IMPRESSION,
 I COULD BE SWINGING IN THE BREEZE.
 DARLING YOU MUST PROMISE ME PLEASE,
 NOBODY CAN KNOW.

During the musical break, Winston and Billie get up from the piano and slow dance. Then, Billie pushes Winston away.

BILLIE:

I can't.

Winston tries to pull her back, but Billie shakes her head and breaks away. Billie runs offstage. Winston is devastated. He returns to the piano, but doesn't play. Winston picks up a suitcase from behind the piano. He sets it open on the piano bench, and packs his music into it. The setting changes to a different nightclub. The curtain opens to reveal the band. Winston sits down and begins to play.

LOUIS:

IF I PASS YOU ON THE STREET,
 ON ANY ORDINARY DAY
 PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT TO YOUR HEART WHEN I STARE
 AT THE CRACKS IN THE PAVEMENT AT MY FEET.
 YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU LIKE THE SKY
 THAT OUR WISHING POND REFLECTS.
 BUT IF I TAKE YOU IN MY ARMS IN THE SIGHT
 OF THE WORLD THEY WILL CALL IT DISRESPECT.
 NOBODY CAN KNOW, NOBODY CAN KNOW.

BE THE SOUL OF DISCRETION
WHEN YOU'RE VOICING YOUR CONFESSION
IN A SESSION WITH THE WIND AND THE TREES.
NOBODY CAN KNOW, NOBODY CAN KNOW.
IF YOUR ADORING SWEET EXPRESSION
CONVEYS THE WRONG IMPRESSION,
I COULD BE SWINGING IN THE BREEZE.
DARLING YOU MUST PROMISE ME PLEASE,
NOBODY CAN KNOW.

Winston sits quietly at the piano, when suddenly a voice comes from behind him.

LOUIS:

I heard you're the cat who wrote that.

WINSTON:

I-I-Mr. Armstrong-I-it's an honor-

LOUIS:

Calm down, son. Just take a deep breath. You're going to be fine.

WINSTON:

I'm sorry, I'm just such a fan.

LOUIS:

Yeah, okay, but here's what I want to talk about. Where'd you get all them blues? Brother, I come out of a part of the South where it ain't no way in the world you can forget you're colored. I'm putting that song in my show and I want to record it.

WINSTON:

(flabbergasted)
That would be the greatest honor of my life!

LOUIS:

Simmer down, son. Everything's gonna be cool.

Lights up on the apartment as the curtain closes on the band.

WINSTON:

Louis was as good as his word, too.

JP:
He sang your song?

WINSTON:
On his very next show. But some people in the audience booed. Other folks got right up and left. That was the last time Louis tried to sing it.

The phone rings, and as Winston picks it up, lights up downstage on Louis.

LOUIS:
I'm sorry, man.

WINSTON:
Guess the world's not ready for that.

LOUIS:
Seems to me it ain't the world that's so bad but what we're doing to it, and all I'm saying is: see what a wonderful world if only we'd give it a chance.

Lights down on Louis.

JP:
He said that?!

WINSTON:
The man could speak with great eloquence when he had a mind to.

JP:
Sucks about your song, though.

WINSTON:
One good thing did come out of it. Louis and I became lifelong friends. He'd call me up from time to time just to chat.

The phone rings as lights come up on Louis and three of his friends at a party. Louis has the phone in one hand and a joint in the other. He hands it off to one of his friends, and they pass it around during the scene.

FRIEND #1:
Who's that you're calling?

LOUIS:
I'm callin' Winston? Y'all know Winston?

His friends call out in agreement (ad lib).

FRIEND #2:

Sure, Winston's cool!

FRIEND #3:

Yeah, that cat's hep!

LOUIS:

If he wants to hang with us, then he's gonna need a little initiatin'.

()

Winston picks up the phone.

WINSTON:

Hello?

LOUIS:

(singing, to the tune of "Hello Dolly")

Well hello, Winston, this is Louis, Winston.

WINSTON:

Oh, Hello Louis! How are things with you?

LOUIS:

Lightly, slightly, and politely. Listen, I got a gig for you if you want it.

WINSTON:

Oh, man, whatever you want, I'd love to!

LOUIS:

Listen, the band and I are taking the tour to Europe. I need someone to handle the arrangements.

One of his friends hands Louis the joint again.

WINSTON:

Oh, you won't be sorry. I have some great new ideas. I've been experimenting with some modal themes...

LOUIS:

Hang on, Shakespeare. I ain't talkin' about those kind of arrangements.

(He gestures with joint)

I meant a whole other kind of arrangements, you dig?

He and his friends burst into uproarious laughter.

LOUIS:

Now it's officialized, you're one of us, Pops!

J. P.
Why did he call you Pops?

WINSTON:
He always called everybody Pops. I think it was easier than trying to remember their names, Doc.

Lights down on the party.

WINSTON:
(hanging up the phone)
Doc, I had just been pranked by Louis Armstrong. Well, New York being what it was, before you knew it, all the cats in town were in on the joke. It was the same thing every time I walked into a club.

The piano player in the band plays the opening bars of "The William Tell Overture."

BAND:
It's the Lone Arranger!

WINSTON:
After that they all called me "Lone." When you're a jazz musician, Doc, you're supposed to have a nickname, but it turns out you don't get to pick it yourself.

JP:
Oh, you get a *nickname*.

WINSTON:
Under those conditions there's only one way for a songwriter to fight back.

Winston sits down at the piano and plays the opening bars of "Arrangements For Louis" as the apartment changes into an after-hours jazz club. The other cast members are arranged around the club.

I DO ARRANGEMENTS FOR LOUIS,

EVERY TIME HE GOES TO FRANCE.

I'M REALLY BEST FRIENDS WITH LOUIS, IT'S THE GOSPEL TRUTH,

HE KNOWS ME AT A GLANCE.

WHEN HE PACKS HIS CORONET AND THERE'S SOMETHING HE

CAN'T GET,
 SOON AS HE ARRIVES OVER HERE,
 I WILL BE THE ONE WHO ARRANGES FOR HIS FUN,
 DO I NEED TO MAKE MYSELF MORE CLEAR?

One of the Friends moves to the center of the floor, to perform their best Louis impression. They pull a handkerchief out and use it. As each cast member takes their turn, they pass the handkerchief around.

FRIEND #1:

(Doing an impression of Louis Armstrong)
 I DO ARRANGEMENTS FOR LOUIS,
 ON HIS EUROPEAN TOURS.
 AND WHEN HE WALKS OUT ON STAGE AND YOU HEAR HIM SAY,
 MADAMES EST LES MESSIEURS.

FRIEND #2:

(Doing an impression of Louis Armstrong)
 EVERY TIME HE TRAVELS HE SAYS EVERYTHING UNRAVELS,
 UNLESS I KEEP HIM ON THE BALL.
 I PROVIDE THE STYLE BEHIND THAT FLASHY TRADEMARK
 SMILE,
 'CAUSE I'M THE ONLY CAT HE WILL CALL.

WINSTON:

FROM SOHO TO VIENNA, BERLIN TO MARTINIQUE,
 WHEN MR. ARMSTRONG'S ON THE CONTINENT, I'M THE ONE
 THEY SEEK.
 FROM AMSTERDAM TO TUSCANY I AIN'T NOBODY'S STRANGER.
 I'LL GO DOWN IN HIST'RY AS SATCHMO'S ARRANGER.

During the musical break, the trumpet player in the band plays a solo in the style of Louis Armstrong. Afterwards, he pulls out a handkerchief and uses it to mop his forehead.

FRIEND #3:

(Doing an impression of Louis Armstrong)
 I DO ARRANGEMENTS FOR LOUIS

FRIEND #3: (CONT'D)

AND THEY'RE ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME.

ONLY THE BEST STUFF FOR LOUIS, AND YOU CAN BE SURE,
THAT'S WHY HIS SOLOS ARE SUBLIME.

LOUIS:

WHEN LOUIE GETS THE WORD THAT HIS ALL STARS WILL BE
HEARD,

I'M READY WHEN THEY LAND IN NICE,

I WILL ALWAYS BE THE GUY WHO CAN REALLY PUT THE HIGH
IN ALL OF MISTER A'S HIGH C'S.

I DO ARRANGEMENTS FOR LOUIS, (SCATTING)

I DO ARRANGEMENTS FOR LOUIS, (SCATTING)

OH, YEAH!

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 3-Winston's Apartment

*It's morning, the next day. Winston sits on the
couch in his bathrobe, reading a newspaper. JP
enters, carrying two Starbucks cups and humming
"Arrangements for Louis."*

JP:

Good morning, Uncle Winston! Here, I brought you some
coffee.

WINSTON:

Thanks, Doc.

*He takes the coffee, then looks expectantly at
JP.*

What, no doughnuts?

JP:

I thought you weren't supposed to have doughnuts.

WINSTON:

Oh, what's a little sugar between friends?

The phone rings, and Winston reaches to answer

it as lights come up downstage on Dottie. JP sits down with a textbook to drink his coffee.

DOTTIE:

Hey, sugar!

WINSTON:

Hello?

DOTTIE:

It's Dottie! From the Roseland last September?

WINSTON:

(remembering)

Of course I know who you are! I could never forget you, Dottie! I was just thinking about giving you a call, over at...that place you live.

DOTTIE:

Mrs. Smithers'?

WINSTON:

(with Dottie)

-Smithers', yeah.

DOTTIE:

(laughs)

Well, It's a good thing you didn't, because I moved out to Los Angeles six months ago!

WINSTON:

OH! I figured I hadn't seen you around because you were still resting that sprain I gave you when I stepped on your foot.

DOTTIE:

You can play it, but you sure can't dance to it.

WINSTON:

My greatest weakness.

DOTTIE:

Not according to rumor. Speaking of playing, you used to write songs for movies didn't you?

WINSTON:

Oh, yeah, I've written for plenty of movies.

DOTTIE:

Well, would you believe who I'm working for out here?

WINSTON:

Who?

DOTTIE:

Mr. Walt Disney himself!

WINSTON:

(thrown)

...The guy who makes those cartoons?

DOTTIE:

The very same! And he's workin' on a new version of that old fairy tale- Snow White. It'll be big. He wants it to be a musical, and naturally, I thought of you!

WINSTON:

Well, gee, Dottie, I don't know if that's really for me, I usually work in features.

DOTTIE:

Tell you what. You come out here and pay me a visit, and I guarantee I can get you in a room with the man. Someone with your talent, how could he say no?

WINSTON:

When you put it like that, how could I refuse?

Lights up downstage on Walt Disney's desk. Winston is sitting nervously at his piano. Dottie joins him.

DOTTIE:

Now, Mr. Disney doesn't like it when writers get all high-brow and try to explain themselves. So when he comes in, don't say anything. He'll give you a signal, then play your song. Don't say anything.

WINSTON:

Alright, Dottie.

Walt Disney enters and sits at his desk. He strikes a match, and uses it to light his pipe. He nods to Dottie. She gestures enthusiastically to Winston. Winston begins playing "Seven Dwarfs." As the song goes on, Dottie becomes more and more horrified. Lights up on a sink and a pile of dirty dishes. Snow White dances on stage.

SNOW WHITE:

SNEEZY, SLEEPY, HAPPY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, DOC,

WHO KNEW MOTHER NATURE GREW HER BACHELORS IN A FLOCK?

ALL OF THEM TOGETHER WOULD NOT MAKE A FULL GROWN MAN.

SNOW WHITE: (CONT'D)

I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT FIND MY PRINCE, INSTEAD I
FOUND A CLAN.

She picks up a broom and begins sweeping.
SNEEZY, SLEEPY, HAPPY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, DOC,

THEY HAVE ME WASHING, COOKING, SCRUBBING, CLEANING
ROUND THE CLOCK.

LONG JOHNS IN THE BATHROOM, SWEATSOX IN THE FRIDGE,

WHAT I FOUND UNDER THEIR BEDS COULD MAKE ME JUMP
RIGHT OFF A BRIDGE.

*She sweeps the dirt under a rug in the
apartment, and begins to wash the dishes in the
sink.*

THEY MAKE ME WANT TO TRY A SNORT

OF WHAT IS IN THIS FLASK.

I THINK THAT I DESERVE A SHORT

HIATUS FROM THIS TASK.

SNEEZY, SLEEPY, HAPPY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, DOC,

HONESTLY NOT ONE OF THEM IS SMARTER THAN A ROCK.

MINING ALL DAY LONG BUT DO THEY GIVE A GIRL A RING?

WHISTLING WHILE THEY WORK BUT NOT A SINGLE ONE CAN
SWING.

THEY MAKE ME WANT TO SAMPLE

WHAT GOT LEFT HERE IN THIS SNIFTER.

I THINK I'LL EAT THIS APPLE

She pulls an apple out of her pocket.
THAT I PURCHASED FROM A DRIFTER.

*She takes a hearty bite of the apple, and starts
to choke. She coughs a few times, but then she*

recovers.

SNEEZY, SLEEPY, HAPPY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, DOC,

FOLKS BACK AT THE CASTLE WOULD ALL SURELY BE IN SHOCK.

LADIES OF THE COURTLY CLASS WOULD PROB'LY THINK IT'S WEIRD,

I FIND MYSELF ATTRACTED TO THE LENGTH OF GRUMPY'S BEARD.

She stands up and returns to dancing and washing the dishes.

I DON'T KNOW, IN THIS FOREST,

WHAT THEY USE FOR LEGAL TENDER,

BUT IF I GET MY HANDS ON SOME

I'LL GO RIGHT ON A BENDER.

SNEEZY, SLEEPY, HAPPY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, DOC,

WHO KNEW MOTHER NATURE GREW HER BACHELORS IN A FLOCK?

ALL OF THEM TOGETHER WOULD NOT MAKE A FULL GROWN MAN,

A bird lands on her finger, and she sings to it.

I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT FIND MY PRINCE, INSTEAD I FOUND A CLAN.

I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT FIND MY PRINCE, INSTEAD I FOUND A CLAN, HEY!

Lights down on Snow White. Walt Disney glares at Winston, tapping out his pipe. In silence, he gets up and exits.

DOTTIE:

(icily)

That's it, Winston. Security will see you out.

Dottie exits. Lights down on Walt Disney's office. In the apartment, the phone rings. Winston answers it as lights come up downstage on Charlene.

WINSTON:

Hello?

CHARLENE:

Winston Coleman! What have you done?!

WINSTON:

Oh, hi, Charlie.

CHARLENE:

I look away for a minute, and there you are getting yourself in trouble again!

WINSTON:

Wait, what are we talking about?

CHARLENE:

You auditioned for Walt Disney without talking to me first?!

WINSTON:

Oh, well, you see, I have this friend-

CHARLENE:

Not anymore, you don't! Disney's so mad, he has smoke coming out of his ears. He banned you from the studio *for life*! What did you do, spit on him?

WINSTON:

What's the big deal, it's just a cartoon.

CHARLENE:

No, no, this is his masterpiece! He wants an Oscar!

WINSTON:

Well, maybe I misread the situation, but I've lost plenty of gigs before. Why are you so steamed about this one?

CHARLENE:

Because he's mad at me too! I just lost my chance to work at Disney Studios!

WINSTON:

You were going to do that?

CHARLENE:

No. But I could've! One way or another, you always burn your bridges when you come to them.

WINSTON:

I know, but you know what they say- the road to necessity is paved with good inventions.

CHARLENE:

Yes, but they also say that people who live in glass houses should leave no stone unturned.

WINSTON:

No sense closing the stable door when you can't make the horse drink.

CHARLENE:

Okay. Just promise me, from now on you'll check with me before you do any auditioning.

WINSTON:

Alright, Charlie, whatever you say.

Lights down on Charlene as Winston hangs up the phone. Winston sits down at the piano and starts to play quietly.

JP:

So, how old were you when you started playing piano?

WINSTON:

Well, just like any American family, we used to sit around the piano and sing. I can still see my Father, sitting at the old pianola, pumping the pedals. He used to put me on his lap. I'd put my fingers over the keys and pretend I was the one playing. Later on, it always just seemed like my fingers knew where to go.

JP:

You two were really close, huh?

WINSTON:

Man, I loved my Dad. I thought he was just the greatest guy in the world.

JP:

Wow. Did he come to see you when you played at jazz clubs?

Winston starts playing the chords to "I Will be Coming Home."

WINSTON:

(changing the subject)
You know the Federal Government once asked me to write a song?

Lights up downstage on the Federal Agent.

FEDERAL AGENT:

(to audience)

Gentlemen, I've come here to New York from Washington to meet with you fine publishers and songwriters. Uncle Sam desperately needs your help! Your Government wants you to bolster morale for the war effort by coming up with a rousing tribute to our fine men in uniform. Let's all work together and get those young men signing up to join our military forces overseas! Remember, your efforts can help America win the war!

Lights down on the Federal Agent.

WINSTON:

(derisively)

He gave that speech all up and down Tin Pan Alley.

JP:

Did you write a song?

WINSTON:

There was no way I could write the song they wanted. All I could think of was the way Dad looked in his Army uniform, picking up his duffel and getting on that bus.

Lights up downstage on the Coleman family home, as the band starts playing "I Will be Coming Home." Dad is in WW1 uniform, saying goodbye to his family. He hugs Charlene goodbye, and then kisses Mom. Meanwhile, Winston gets up from the piano and crosses into the scene. Dad solemnly gives him a salute, which Winston returns. Then they both break and run into a hug. Dad exits. Charlene pulls an envelope out of her pocket.

CHARLENE:

A BATTLE WEARY ENVELOPE, FADED, CREASED, AND STAINED,

POSTMARKED NORTHERN ITALY, FORT BENNING, PORTLAND, MAINE,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. COLEMAN, ARRIVING C.O.D.,

FROM MY FATHER IN THE ARMY TO MY MOTHER, WIN, AND ME.

Dad enters behind the family.

DAD:

I WILL BE COMING HOME,

I'LL SEE YOU SMILING SOON,

DAD: (CONT'D)

WITH THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES AND AT THE RISING OF
THE MOON.

I WILL BE COMING HOME,

MY HEART STILL KNOWS THE WAY.

SO KEEP A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW, I WILL BE THERE ANY
DAY.

CHARLENE:

HE WROTE, "IT IS A HORROR, WHAT MEN DO TO OTHER MEN.

EVERY DAY I PRAY THAT NO ONE GOES TO WAR AGAIN."

CHARLENE AND DAD:

"IF THERE IS A HEAVEN, THEN THIS SURELY MUST BE HELL.

AND GOD IS ON NO NATION'S SIDE, AS FAR AS I CAN
TELL."

CHARLENE:

A BATTLE WEARY ENVELOPE PENNED IN MY FATHER'S HAND,

SAID, "MY TOUR IS OVER, I'M NEVER LEAVING YOU AGAIN."

CAME JUST TWO SHORT WEEKS AFTER THE TELEGRAM ARRIVED,

THE ONE THAT LET US KNOW NONE OF HIS COMPANY
SURVIVED.

DAD:

I WILL BE COMING HOME,

YOU'LL SEE ME SMILING SOON,

WITH THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES AND AT THE RISING OF
THE MOON.

I WILL BE COMING HOME,.

MY HEART STILL KNOWS THE WAY.

CHARLENE AND DAD:

SO KEEP A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW, I WILL BE THERE ANY
DAY.

KEEP A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW, I WILL BE THERE
EVERYDAY.

*Dad exits, as Winston crosses back to the
apartment.*

WINSTON:

You remember, Charlie, how hard I took it.

JP:

Uncle Winston? Grandma Charlie isn't here.

Lights down on the Coleman family home.

WINSTON:

(surprised)

Oh. Sorry, Doc, I just got wrapped up in remembering. Anyways, I don't think the government fellas liked my song too much, so I went back to what I had been doing.

The phone rings, as lights go up downstage on Charlene.

WINSTON:

Hello?

CHARLENE:

Hey, Winnie! You get that script I sent you?

WINSTON:

Yes, it came through last week. I'm not sure what to write for it, though.

CHARLENE:

Holiday Inn? Are you kidding me? Just pick a holiday and write!

WINSTON:

I know, but you said, and I quote, "this is a hot property in Hollywood." Every songwriter is going to be trying their luck, and I don't want mine to get lost in a pile of Christmas songs. I want to find a unique holiday.

CHARLENE:

Oh, I see your point. Are you doing well, otherwise? You sound a little down.

WINSTON:

Oh, I'm fine. I've just been thinking about Dad a lot lately. There's a war on, you know.

CHARLENE:

Yeah, I miss him too. Especially around the holidays.
(laughs)

Hey, do you remember how much he hated Columbus Day?

WINSTON:

(laughs)
Yeah, he always said Columbus was the worst sailor-

WINSTON AND CHARLENE:

-to ever get a holiday!
(both laugh)

CHARLENE:

Yeah. He sure was passionate about it....Winston?

WINSTON:

I think I've just had an idea. I'll call you back!

Winston hangs up the phone. Lights up downstage on the Holiday Inn, as the band plays the opening to Christopher Columbus. Bing Crosby enters in a Conquistador costume. His backup dancers are dressed as sailing ships.

BING:

IT MIGHTA BEEN A CRISIS, A MAN OUT SEEKING SPICES,
WITH INVESTORS AND A QUEEN TO SATISFY.

THE WORLD WAS BIGGER THAN HE THOUGHT 'CAUSE IT WAS
INDIA HE SOUGHT,

TRYING TO CORNER THE WHOLE CURRY SAUCE SUPPLY.

BUT EXPLORERS MUST BE BOLD SO WHEN HE HEARD THOSE
TALES OF GOLD,

HE FIGURED HE COULD TURN THIS THING AROUND.

WHEN ALL HE MET WERE ABORIGINES, HE WENT LOOKING FOR
EPIPHANIES.

WHAT THE HECK, IT WAS A NEW WORLD THAT HE FOUND.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS A GIANT AMONG US.

HE GETS A SPECIAL DAY, FOR GOING THE WRONG WAY.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS THE GUY WHO BRUNG US.

NOW AMERICA CAN PAY HOMAGE TO HIM AND SAY,

HOORAY FOR MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

BING: (CONT'D)

INSTEAD'A THE GREAT TAJ MAHAL HE FOUND A FUTURE SHOPPING MALL.

AS LONG AS THERE WAS PROFIT WHO WOULD CARE?

IT IF ENABLED HIM TO CASH IN, THE NATIVE HEADS HE'D BASH IN,

THE MARK OF AN EXPLORE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS A GIANT AMONG US.

HE GETS A SPECIAL DAY, FOR GOING THE WRONG WAY.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS THE GUY WHO BRUNG US.

NOW AMERICA CAN PAY HOMAGE TO HIM AND SAY,

HOORAY FOR MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

MY HISTORY BOOK SUPPOSES HE THOUGHT THE WORLD A GLOBE.

HIS PORTRAITS FEATURE POSES WHERE HE WEARS A SILLY ROBE.

WHEN HE SMACKED INTO THEIR BEACH IN HIS SPORTY SPANISH GALLEON,

THE NATIVES NEVER GUESSED THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY ITALIAN.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS A GIANT AMONG US.

HE GETS A SPECIAL DAY, FOR GOING THE WRONG WAY.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HE WAS THE GUY WHO BRUNG US.

NOW AMERICA CAN PAY HOMAGE TO HIM AND SAY,

HOORAY FOR MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

HOORAY FOR MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!



OFFSTAGE:
Cut!

BING:
I feel ridiculous in this getup.

BLACKOUT.

ACT 2Scene 1- Winston's Apartment

Lights up on Winston's Apartment on a Saturday morning. JP has 4 of his friends, including Dougie over for a study group. They are sitting on or around the couch with textbooks, notebooks, and coffee. There is a box of doughnuts on the end table. Winston is seated at the piano. He plays the opening chords to "Hoi Polloi."

WINSTON:

(Imitating a radio announcer)
Coming to you live from WINS, it's the Old Curmudgeons Radio Hour brought to you by Hollywood Cosmetic Surgeons Nip, Tuck, and Scarrem and by the legal firm of Connor and Fleecem. On today's program we present "Winston Coleman, the Forgotten Man, Part Two," recalling his long lost songs. With musical accompaniment by the Mystery Swingers

The band plays a flare.
and the sultry vocal stylings of The Memories.

The actors on the floor vocalize a few harmony chords.
Our first selection is a song written in 1941 for a scene in the movie called "You Were Never Lovelier" starring Fred Astaire as Bob Davis and Rita Hayworth playing Maria Castro. But by the time the film was made, a national craze for Latin music had taken hold, and the studio decided to set the movie in Argentina and use a salsa band.

The band begins to play "Hoi Polloi." One of the students becomes Fred Astaire, and stands up to serenade the other, who becomes Rita Hayworth.

BOB DAVIS

HOI POLLOI, EVERYBODY MIXIN'.

HOI POLLOI, SOUTH OF MASON DIXON.

HOI POLLOI, VIPERS AND THE VIXEN.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

BOB DAVIS (CONT'D)

HOI POLLOI, BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR.

HOI POLLOI, HOT UNDER THE COLLAR.

HOI POLLOI, MAKE YOU WANNA HOLLER.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

MARIA:

ELEGANT SWELLS IN THEIR FINEST SUITERY,

DESPERATELY TRYING TO ASSERT THEIR SNOOTERY,

ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE MISERY OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BECAUSE THE UNHIPPEST OF ALL LADS AND LASSES,

TRYING TO FIT IN WITH THE UNWASHED MASSES,

GONNA RENDER THEIR STUCK UP NOSES RIGHT OUT OF
JOINTMENT.

*During the dance break, Fred and Rita get up and
dance. They continue to dance to the end of the
song.*

THE MEMORIES:

HOI POLLOI, FELINES AND THE FELLAS.

HOI POLLOI, BEAUX BRUMMELS AND THE BELLAS.

HOI POLLOI, DOWN AT SAM 'N ELLA'S.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

ARROGANT SNOBS WHO ACT ARISTOCRATIC

WILL FIND OUT THEIR CLASS IS JUST EMBLEMATIC

OF EVERYTHING THAT IS TERMINALLY HOITY TOITY.

A CAT WHO MUST DRINK WITH HIS PINKIE UP, SIR,

WILL FIND HE'S A RINKY DINKY PUP, SIR,

THE MEMORIES: (CONT'D)

WHEN HE FITS IN MALADROITLY WITH US NOISY, OILY HOI
POLLOITY.

HOI POLLOI, EVERYBODY MIXIN'.

HOI POLLOI, SOUTH OF MASON DIXON.

HOI POLLOI, VIPERS AND THE VIXEN.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

EVERYBODY SWINGING,

EVERYBODY SWINGING,

EVERYBODY SWINGING TO THE DIXIELAND.

*Fred and Rita rejoin the group as though nothing
has happened.*

JP:

Hey, have you guys met my Uncle Winston?

DOUGIE:

Me, me, I have!

JP:

Uh, Uncle Winston, this is Chad, Jennifer, and
Michelle. We're studying for American History
together.

WINSTON:

Hey, are those doughnuts?

JP:

Yeah, but Grandma says you aren't allowed to have
doughnuts.

WINSTON:

Oh, what's one doughnut going to hurt? And besides,
how will she find out? Unless, of course, you tell
her.

JP:

I don't know how she does it, but she always finds
out.



Michelle gets up and heads toward the hallway.

MICHELLE:

Is the bathroom back here?

JP:

Yeah, first door on your left.

Michelle exits through the hallway.

WINSTON:

So, Dougie, you learn anything in that astrophysics class?

DOUGIE:

Did you know, that time is elastic? It varies according to mass and velocity.

WINSTON:

Ah, the theory of relativity. Do you know what that means?

DOUGIE:

Yeah, it means that time passes much more slowly when spent with your relatives!

He laughs at his own joke.

WINSTON:

No, it means there is not a then, a now and a yet to come. There's just an everywhen.

DOUGIE:

Whoa.

MICHELLE:

(Suddenly entering from the hallway with a large box)

Hey, what's all this stuff?

WINSTON:

Oh, just a box of stuff that's collected over the years. I never got around to throwing it out.

All five students begin digging through the box. They pull things out, examine them and try them on. Jennifer takes out a victorian hat, and tries it on, then a long skirt, which she holds up to herself. Michelle tries on a fur stole, then finds an umbrella. She moves upstage and opens it, hiding herself behind it. Jennifer helps her put on the skirt, and gives her the hat. She takes the stole. Meanwhile, Dougie and

Chad find hula skirts. They roll up their pant legs up and do a dance behind the skirts. They discard them when JP discovers old baseball caps in the box.

JP:
Hey, look at these!

Dougie and Chad run to try them on.

WINSTON:
Oh, those are from when I was almost a professional baseball player.

JP:
What?!

WINSTON:
Oh, sure. When I was a kid it was clear I was destined to be in the Big Leagues. I had my whole career planned. But then my dreams of success were suddenly crushed in a freak occurrence.

CHAD:
What?

WINSTON:
The realization that I have no athletic ability.
They all laugh. Chad begins taking practice swings with an imaginary bat.
Well, I did try and get a song in a baseball musical.

DOUGIE:
Damn Yankees?

WINSTON:
Not that one. Take Me Out to the Ballgame!
K.C. Higgins snaps her umbrella closed.

K.C.:
Mr. O'Brien. You're stepping in the bucket.

EDDIE:
How's that?

K.C.:
I said, you're stepping in the bucket.

EDDIE:
Oh, thank you. Maybe you'd like to come over here and
(MORE)

EDDIE: (CONT'D)
show me how to do it.

K.C.:
Well, If you don't mind. I'd like to. Slappy, would you get me the water bucket, please?

Winston gets a bucket, and places it on the ground as the band breaks into "Not a Game for a Dame." Eddie and Dennis sing while K.C. demonstrates proper form with the umbrella. Meanwhile, Jennifer exits.

EDDIE AND DENNIS:
THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

BASEBALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

AFTER TODAY ALL THE FANS ARE GONNA SAY,

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

Eddie steps up behind K.C. He flirts with her while she tries to give him advice.

EDDIE:
WHERE'S SHE GET OFF SAYIN'
SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT PLAYIN',
WHEN IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A FELLAS GAME?
WHAT CAN SHE BE THINKIN',
TRYIN' TO DEMONSTRATE HER SWINGIN',
WHEN SHE'S NOTHING, NOTHING BUT A DAME.

Trying to demonstrate a swing, K.C. accidentally kits Eddie in the head with the umbrella. She steps away in embarrassment.

SHE'LL DO A LOT OF DAMAGE IF SHE THINKS THAT SHE CAN
MANAGE,

WHEN IT'S CLEAR THAT SHE WAS BORN TO YIELD.

SHE SHOULD BE BANGIN' GRAMMA'S RUG OUT 'STEADA
HANGIN' IN THE DUGOUT,

'CAUSE A GUY HAS GOT TO PLAY THE FIELD.

DENNIS:

SHE'S GOT A CERTAIN CHARM
WHEN SHE'S SHOWIN' OFF HER ARM,
OR SPITTIN' OUT THOSE SUNFLOWER SEEDS.
BUT WHEN SHE SAYS, "TAKE A HIKE,"
LIKE SHE'S CALLIN' THE THIRD STRIKE,
THAT'S NOT WHAT A PRO PLAYER NEEDS.

IF THE CATCHER HITS A DOUBLE THERE IS GOING TO BE
TROUBLE

'CAUSE HE ALWAYS TRIES TO STRETCH IT TO THIRD.

INSTEADA' TELLIN' HOW TO HIT SHE SHOULD JUST SIT
THERE LOOKING PRETTY

AND NOT NOTICE WHEN HE YELLS A CERTAIN WORD.

EDDIE AND DENNIS:

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

BASEBALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

AFTER TODAY ALL THE FANS ARE GONNA SAY,

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

EDDIE:

SHE THINKS THAT SHE CAN SHOW

A QUICKER WAY TO THROW,

OR DEMONSTRATE A BETTER BATTING STANCE.

SHE'S INSTITUTIN' FINES,

WHY CAN'T SHE READ THE SIGNS,

WHEN IT COMES TO INDICATIN' ROMANCE?

WHERE'D SHE GET THE NERVE AND ALL TO CRITICIZE MY
CURVE BALL

WITHOUT NOTICING I'M PITCHING WOO?

EDDIE: (CONT'D)

I GUESS SHE NEVER HEARD HOW WHEN YOU'RE OUT THERE
ROUNDING THIRD NOW,

A HOME RUN IS ABOUT TO ENSUE.

EDDIE AND DENNIS:

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

BASEBALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

AFTER TODAY ALL THE FANS ARE GONNA SAY,

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME.

WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO OUR PASTIME IS A SHAME,

ALL THOSE SUFFRAGETTES CLEARLY ARE TO BLAME,

ABNER DOUBLEDAY WOULD EXCLAIM,

THIS IS NOT A GAME FOR A DAME!

*Eddie, Dennis, and Michelle return to the
apartment, laughing. Michelle takes off her
costume. Chad wanders to look at the wall of
photos. Winston surreptitiously steals a
doughnut. JP notices.*

JP:

Uncle Winston! Did you take a doughnut!?

ALL:

(Dramatic gasp)

WINSTON:

(through a mouthful of doughnut)

No.

(JP looks horrified)

Don't worry, Doc, it's not such a big deal.

DOUGIE:

Yeah, Doc, it's not a big deal.

WINSTON:

What your Grandmother doesn't know won't hurt her.
Besides, you know what they say, 'loose lips are like
ships passing in the night.'

DOUGIE:

Yeah!

JP:

Who? Who says that?

CHAD:

Hey, check out all these famous people!
(Reading from a signed picture of Frank Sinatra)
To Winston- my favorite songwriter, from Frank.

MICHELLE:

Did you and Frank Sinatra really know each other?

WINSTON:

Only by repudiation.

*The phone rings, and as Winston answers it,
lights come up downstage on Charlene.*

CHARLENE:

Hey, Winnie! I've got good news and bad news.

WINSTON:

Better let me have it.

CHARLENE:

Frank loved your song.

WINSTON:

Oh boy, here it comes.

CHARLENE:

No dice with the producers. But Frank loved it!

WINSTON:

Really? I've heard he's hard to work with.

CHARLENE:

Oh, that's all stuff his PR guy makes up. Anyway, he liked it so much, he wants you to write something for his next movie. Thinks he can talk the director into using it. It's going to be called On The Town, and it's about-

WINSTON:

Wait a minute. Are you saying they're not going to use "This is Not a Game for a Dame?"

CHARLENE:

Of course not, try and keep up. Anyway, it doesn't really matter what it's about. He's playing the same character he always does. You know, young, inexperienced, doesn't know what to say to his love interest. Write him something clever, would you? And get right on it, they're already in rehearsals. You know what Dad always said, "timeliness is next to cleanliness."

WINSTON:

That's not it! He always said "a stitch in time saves nine lives!"

Lights down on Charlene. Michelle takes a chauffeur hat out of the box, and puts it on. Dougie does the same with a sailor hat. She sits on the couch, and Dougie sits next to her. The band starts to play "Be My Ex." Meanwhile, the other members of the study group gather up their things and leave.

CHIP:

WHEN YOU LIVE LIKE I DO, ON THE SOUL OF A SHOE,

WHEN YOU'RE ALWAYS AT SEA, AMIDST ROUGH COMPANY,

YOU ARE THE MOST LIKELY TO SEE:

THE WEIRD KIND OF LOVE, THE FEARED KIND OF LOVE, THE
WRONG KIND OF LOVE.

IT'S STRANGE THAT YOU TURNED OUT TO BE,

THE STRONG KIND OF LOVE, I BELONG KIND OF LOVE, IN A
SONG KIND OF LOVE,

YOU'RE EXACTLY RIGHT FOR ME.

I ONLY KNOW WHAT GOES ON NOW.

I CAN'T PREDICT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

I ONLY KNOW THIS TIME, SOMEHOW,

THAT I WANT YOU TO BE MY EX.

YOU'RE EXTRAORDINARY IN EVERY EXTRA WAY,

THE ABSOLUTE EXPRESSION OF ALL I WANT TO SAY.

ALL OF MY EXPERIENCE SAYS THIS SHOULD NEVER BE.

YOU'RE THE ONE EXCEPTION, YOU'RE EXACTLY RIGHT FOR
ME.

FORTUNE PLAYS HER LITTLE GAMES.

THE CARDS ARE NOT WHAT ONE EXPECTS.

LADY LUCK DESERVES THE BLAME,
FOR I WANT YOU TO BE MY EX.

ALL MY EXPECTATIONS YOU EASILY EXCEED.
YOU'RE A FINE EXAMPLE OF EVERYTHING I NEED.
AN UNEXPECTED TREASURE, EXQUISITE AS IT'S STRANGE,
AS EXCITING AS A PRESENT I NEVER WILL EXCHANGE.

NATURE'S GOT HER LITTLE WAYS.
WE CAN'T CONTROL WHO SHE SELECTS.
I ONLY KNOW WHAT MY HEAR SAYS,
THAT I WANT YOU TO BE MY EX,
YOU'RE EXACTLY RIGHT FOR ME.

*Lights up downstage on the PR guy, looking at
the sheet music for the song.*

PR GUY:

I'm sorry, I don't think it's a good idea for Frank
to sing this particular song.

Frank joins him downstage. Michelle exits.

FRANK:

What? Why not? It's a swell song.

PR GUY:

All that emphasis on the word "ex" doesn't exactly
fit the wholesome image we're trying to convey for
you.

FRANK:

C'mon, what's the big deal? It's just a clever play
on words. How's that going to hurt?

PR GUY:

Let me ask you this, Frank. How are things with Nancy
these days?

Frank is silent. He looks guilty.

PR GUY:

Listen, I'll talk to Stanley. Maybe he can get Bernstein and Betty to come up with something similar. You know, tone it down a bit, but still clever. Maybe instead of ex, something like, "you're awful. Awful nice." You know, cute, but not risky.

Lights down downstage.

JP:

What a ripoff.

WINSTON:

Yeah, a real miscarriage of judgement is what i'd call it.

(he looks around)

Hey! Where did your friends go?

JP:

They've been gone for hours, Uncle Winston. Are you feeling alright?

WINSTON:

Just fine, Doc, just fine.

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 2- Winston's Apartment

Some weeks later. Winston is sitting at his piano. JP enters through the front door, wearing a sleeveless top and carrying a suitcase.

JP:

Hey, Uncle Winston.

WINSTON:

Welcome home, Doc! How was Florida?

JP:

It rained the whole time.

WINSTON:

Oh, well, I hope you still got out. You can't let April showers rain on your parade. They made a movie about that once, you know.

JP:

Was it Singing in the Rain?

WINSTON:

Yes! How did you know?
(the phone rings)
Oh, excuse me.

*Winston gets up to answer the phone, as lights
go up downstage on Charlene.*

WINSTON:

Hello?

CHARLENE:

Winnie! How's the weather in Old New York?

WINSTON:

Wet. How is it in California?

CHARLENE:

Arid! I was talking to Stanley Donnen the other day-
You remember Stanley? From On the Town?

WINSTON:

The director.

CHARLENE:

Well, he's working on a new musical, and he wants you
to write a song for it!

WINSTON:

Really?

CHARLENE:

Yes, it's about the film industry when sound first
came in, and he says none of his usual songwriters
are old enough to know anything about the silent era.

WINSTON:

Well, I guess it's true what they say, 'when one door
closes, it usually has a silver lining.'

*Lights down on the apartment and Charlene.
Lights up on downstage on the Producer's Office.
Lina Lamont saunters in, contract in hand.*

LINA:

IN THE HOLLYWOOD ARENA,

JUST A VERY THIN PATINA,

HIDES THE LAND OF THE HYENA.

HERE'S THE DEUS EX MACHINA:

LINA: (CONT'D)

THEY BELIEVE THE ACETATE,
IT'S HARD FOR THEM TO CONTEMPLATE,
THE CLEVER PLAN I ORCHESTRATE,
'CAUSE THEY ALL UNDERESTIMATE
THE BRILLIANT MIND OF LINA!

I AM NOT THE SILLY GIRL YOU SEE UP ON THE SCREEN,
WHO PORTRAYS A FAWNING DAMSEL OR A SIXTEENTH CENTURY
QUEEN.

THEY MAY MAKE ME PLAY THE JULIET TO SOME TWO BIT
ROMEO.

BUT JUST TAKE A CUE, BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I'LL OWN
THIS STUDIO.

'CAUSE MEN ARE SUCH BABIES,
THEIR EGOS ARE SO LARGE.
THEY GET THE HEEBIE JEEBIES IF
A FEMALE IS IN CHARGE.
LOOK OUT HOLLYWOOD,
THE WOMAN'S DAY'S ABOUT TO COME.
IN A RIGGED GAME, THE SMARTEST DAME IS
THE ONE WHO IS ACTING DUMB.

I'M ALWAYS PAIRED, ROMANTICALLY, WITH THAT IDIOT
DONALD LOCKWOOD.

THE MAN DOES NOT ACT BETTER THAN YOUR AVERAGE
CONCRETE BLOCK WOULD.

JUST WATCH HIM PUFF HIS CHEST OUT WHEN HE HEARS THOSE
STARLET'S SQUEALS.

LINA: (CONT'D)

TO GET WHAT I DESERVE, I'LL THROW LOCKWOOD A CURVE
AND PLAY HEAD OVER HEELS.

MOVE OVER R.F. SIMPSON,
YOUR BIG SHOT DAYS ARE NUMBERED.
HOW'D YOU LAND THIS JOB WHEN YOU'RE SO
MENTALLY ENCUMBERED?
MEN ARE ALL SUPERIOR,
THEY FOOLISHLY ASSUME,
WHEN THEY CAN'T SEE THAT SILLY ME IS
THE SMARTEST IN THE ROOM.

WHEN I DEMAND A RAISE IN PAY THE PRODUCERS CALL IT
GREED.

SO WHY DO I MAKE HALF AS MUCH AS MY ROMANTIC LEAD?

WHEN AN ACTRESS PASSES FORTY IT'S THE END OF HER
CAREER.

BUT THEY'LL CAST A MAN WHO IS OLDER THAN THAT VINTAGE
BARD, SHAKESPEARE.

'CAUSE MEN ARE SUCH BABIES,
THEIR EGOS ARE SO LARGE.
THEY GET THE HEEBIE JEEBIES IF
A FEMALE IS IN CHARGE.
LOOK OUT HOLLYWOOD,
THE WOMAN'S DAY'S ABOUT TO COME.
IN A RIGGED GAME, THE SMARTEST DAME IS
THE ONE WHO IS ACTING DUMB.

Lights down on Lina. Lights up on Arthur Freed's office. Freed and Stanley Donnen are having a meeting.

FREED:

And one more thing: this Lina song has to go.

STANLEY:

Really? It's a great angle on the character, and we've had Jean in voice lessons for three weeks already.

FREED:

It's just not smart to look too liberal these days.

STANLEY:

Look, this guy's a great songwriter, and he's been missing breaks for twenty years. Someone has to give him a chance.

FREED:

It won't be me, not right now. If I wanted *that* kind of trouble, I'd've hired Yip Harburg.

Lights down on Arthur Freed's Office, lights up on the apartment.

JP:

Who the heck was Yip Harburg?

WINSTON:

A friend of mine from Tin Pan Alley, actually. He wrote songs for a lot of great movies. He was also very outspoken, and he was blacklisted by the time *Singin' in the Rain* was being made.

JP:

Blacklisted? Oh, MacCarthy! We just covered that in class. Did you know a lot of people who got blacklisted?

WINSTON:

Too many.

The phone rings. As Winston answers it, lights up downstage on Carl Foreman.

WINSTON:

Hello?

CARL:

Is this Winston Coleman? The guy who wrote *The Mind of Lina* and *Standing in the Soup Line*?

WINSTON:

Guilty as charged.

CARL:

This is Carl Foreman. I work for the Stanley Kramer Company, and I'd like you to write a song for us.

WINSTON:

Well, I'm certainly available. What's your movie about?

CARL:

It's a western called High Noon, but it's about Hollywood. I'm tired of watching all my friends be hauled in front of the committee, and I need a theme song to reflect that.

WINSTON:

I know just what you mean.

Lights down on Carl and the Apartment, Lights up on Tex Ritter.

TEX:

THERE'S A WIND OUT ON THE DESERT,
THERE IS POISON IN THE STORM.
IT ROLLS ACROSS THE MESA
LIKE AN ANGRY HORNET SWARM.
THE TEMPEST SPREADS ITS DARKNESS,
HOWLING OUT AN UGLY SOUND.
AND THE FALLING RAIN TASTES BITTER,
WHEN TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN.

TROUBLE IN THE SHADOWS GROWS,
TROUBLE SPEAKS WITH STIRRING PROSE,
TROUBLE BOWS WITH PRACTICED GRACE,
TROUBLE LIES RIGHT TO YOUR FACE,
TROUBLE BLAMES SOMEBODY ELSE,
TROUBLE MAKES YOU DOUBT YOURSELF,

TEX: (CONT'D)

TRouble PLOTS TO BEND AND TWIST,
TROUBLE PUTS YOU ON A LIST.

UNDERNEATH A SKY SO WIDE,
THERE SHOULD BE LOTS OF ROOM.
BUT WHEN THE STREETS START CLOSING IN,
FOLKS SHRINK BACK FROM THE GLOOM.
WHEN LIES ARE USED TO MASK THE TRUTH,
WHO WILL STAND YOUR GROUND?
WHO WILL RISE TO SPEAK FOR YOU
WHEN TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN.

TRouble HAS A SECRET PLAN,
TROUBLE WANTS TO SHAKE YOUR HAND,
TROUBLE LURKS BEHIND THE CHURCH,
TROUBLE LEAVES YOU IN THE LURCH,
TROUBLE KNOWS JUST HOW YOU FEEL,
TROUBLE TRIES TO MAKE A DEAL,
TROUBLE YELLS AND SHAKES A FIST,
TROUBLE PUTS YOU ON A LIST.

WHEN LIES ARE USED TO MASK THE TRUTH,
WHO WILL STAND YOUR GROUND?
WHO WILL RISE TO SPEAK FOR YOU
WHEN TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN?
WHEN TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN.



TEX: (CONT'D)

WHEN TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN.

WHO WILL RISE TO SPEAK FOR YOU?

Lights down on Tex Ritter, lights up on the apartment. Winston is on the phone. Lights up on Charlene.

CHARLENE:
Hello?

WINSTON:
Hey, Charlie, it's Winston. How are things?

CHARLENE:
Hot and dry in more ways than one. It feels like even my friends don't trust me now. What are you calling about?

WINSTON:
Well, you know I wrote a song for that western...

CHARLENE:
Yes.

WINSTON:
I haven't heard anything in a while, and I was wondering if you knew how it was going out there.

CHARLENE:
They're not going to use that song.

WINSTON:
Are you sure? My friend Carl seemed really excited about it.

CHARLENE:
Carl doesn't work there anymore. Kramer cut him loose.

WINSTON:
What?

CHARLENE:
Haven't you read the papers? Carl's been blacklisted. He's left the country.

WINSTON:
I hope it wasn't because of me.

CHARLENE:
No, he refused to name names.

WINSTON:

Why don't these things ever work out for me?

CHARLENE:

Haven't you figured it out yet? Hollywood believes it exists to convince the American public that there are no problems left in the world that movies can't fix. You should see the things they ask me to censor these days. The trouble with you, Winston, is that you always tell the truth.

Lights down on Charlene as she hangs up the phone. Winston sits down at the piano.

WINSTON:

Those days were hard on me, Doc. Everybody was hunkering down, hoping it would blow over; or else they were getting eaten up by the storm. I used to get together with friends, just to reminisce about freer times.

Lights up on Louis Armstrong and friends at a party. They cluster around the piano, as Louis finishes a story.

LOUIS:

-and then he carried that bag right through customs!

Everyone laughs uproariously.

LOUIS:

Say, 'Lone, you remember Ruth Etting?

WINSTON:

Sure, her and that goon she married. She was tough.

JP:

(from the apartment)
Wait, who was Ruth Etting?

WINSTON:

(to JP)
You've never heard of her? She had lots of hits.

LOUIS:

(to JP)
A real genuine Chicago speakeasy singer.

WINSTON:

(to JP)
I used to accompany her when she played in New York.

One of the guests (Mo) suddenly pulls out a gun.

He points it at Winston.

MO:

You're not playing that piano right. You're not making Ruth sound her best.

Another of the guests reveals herself as part of the scene.

RUTH:

Mo!

WINSTON:

Not playing right? What, in your professional estimation, should I be doing differently?

MO:

Shuddup, wiseguy! It's too tinkly! Now get it right, or else!

Mo stalks off.

RUTH:

Sorry, Winston. Sometimes that big lug drives me bananas. I swear I'd divorce him, except he always says if I leave him, he'll kill me.

Suddenly they're back at the party.

FRIEND #1:

You know they're making a movie about her?

FRIEND #2:

Probably cast Doris Day or something.

LOUIS:

You ought to write a song for that, 'Lone.

WINSTON:

I know just what to do.

LOUIS:

Uh-oh.

(to JP)

He's got that Lone Arranger look in his eye again.

Lights down on the party. Lights up downstage on Doris Day as Ruth Etting.

RUTH:

GOT MY LUCKY SHOES ON,

SAINT CHRIS IS HANGIN' 'ROUND MY NECK,

RUTH: (CONT'D)

GOT MY HORSESHOE POINTED UP TO THE TOP,
SO THE LUCK WON'T BE APT TO RUN RIGHT OUT.
GOT MY RABBIT'S FOOT RIGHT HERE, MY DEAR.
GOT MY FOUR LEAF CLOVER PRESSED INSIDE A BOOK, JUST
LOOK,
IT'S A BOOK OF LUCK CHARMS,
TO KEEP MY WEARY SOUL SAFE FROM HARM.
I WON'T BE LOOKIN' BACK.
GOT MY TRAVELIN' SHOES ON.

GONNA STROLL RIGHT OUT THE DOOR,
JUST AS HAPPY AS YOU PLEASE.
KEEP ON MOVIN' LIKE THE BREEZE, I WON'T STOP,
'TILL I REACH A SPOT WHERE YOU WON'T FIND ME OUT.
BE SITTING PRETTY IN A YEAR, MY DEAR.
GOT MY SUITCASE AND MY PILLBOX HAT, THAT'S THAT.
I WILL NOT BE COMIN' BACK,
GOT YOUR MONEY AND YOUR FANCY PONTIAC.
I WON'T BE LOOKIN' BACK,
GOT MY TRAVELIN' SHOES ON.

YOU AIN'T HURTIN' ME AGAIN, MY FRIEND.
I'LL BE MAKIN' PLENTY SURE.
SOON AS THE COPS SEE YOUR OFFENSE,
AND MY PILE OF EVIDENCE,
THEY'LL COME KNOCKIN' ON YOUR DOOR.



RUTH: (CONT'D)

GOT MY LUCKY SHOES ON,
SAINT CHRIS IS HANGING' 'ROUND MY NECK.
GOT MY HORSESHOE POINTED UP TO THE TOP,
SO MY LUCK WON'T BE APT TO RUN RIGHT OUT.
GOT MY RABBIT'S FOOT RIGHT HERE, MY DEAR.
GOT MY FOUR LEAF CLOVER PRESSED INSIDE A BOOK, JUST
LOOK,
IT'S A BOOK OF LUCKY CHARMS,
TO KEEP MY WEARY SOUL SAFE FROM HARM.
I WON'T BE LOOKIN' BACK.
GOT MY TRAVELIN' SHOES ON.
GOT MY LUCKY, RED, TRAVELIN' SHOES ON.

*Lights down on Ruth. The phone rings. Lights up
on Charlene.*

WINSTON:
Hello?

CHARLENE:
Hey, Winnie. Keeping warm?

WINSTON:
Yes. Don't tell me. They're not using Traveling
Shoes.

CHARLENE:
Don't worry. Sometimes these things come back decades
later. It's a fine kettle of fish that never boils.

WINSTON:
But the squeaky wheel is mightier than the sword. I
have my next project all lined up.

CHARLENE:
What?

WINSTON:
Well, I know they're making a movie out of the King
and I. I saw it when it was on Broadway, and it was
definitely missing a song. So I wrote one.

CHARLENE:

The King and I? That's Rogers and Hammerstein!
There's no way they're going to put your song in
their musical.

WINSTON:

Just trust me. It needs this song. Here, hold on,
listen to this.

*Winston places the receiver on the piano and
sits down to play. Lights up downstage on Yul
Brenner, as the King of Siam.*

KING:

I AM THE KING, I AM THE KING, I AM THE KING OF SIAM.

THIS COUNTRY'S LORD AND MASTER IS EXACTLY WHAT I AM.

PATROLLING ALL THE BORDERS, CONTROLLING SUBJECT'S
LIVES,

HARDEST PART IS MANAGING THOSE THIRTY TWO WIVES.

IN SIAM THE KING'S HAREM IS JUST A THING THAT IS
EXPECTED,

BUT ALL I EVER HEAR ABOUT IS SOMEONE FEELS NEGLECTED.

MAN, THEY'LL KEEP YOU BUSY, I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK.

AT LEAST YOUR ENGLISH GOD'S ENJOYING ONE DAY OFF A
WEEK.

ANY ARDOR I MIGHT FEEL, THE PRESSURE QUICKLY DOUSES.

WITH FEWER DAYS IN EVERY MONTH THAN THIRTY TWO
SPOUSES.

SPEAKING OF MONTHS:

EVERY WAXING OF THE MOON COULD QUICKLY DRIVE A KING
TO DRINK.

THEY'RE ALL INSANE AT ONCE 'CAUSE ALL THEIR CYCLES
ARE IN SYNC.

THERE REALLY IS NO END TO ALL MY MATRIMONIAL
TROUBLES,

KING: (CONT'D)

EVERY YEAR THE NUMBER OF MY PROGENY, IT DOUBLES.

THE EXPENSES ARE OUTRAGEOUS, KEEPING ALL OF THEM IN HOUSES.

YOU GO THROUGH LOTS OF EUNUCHS GUARDING THIRTY TWO SPOUSES.

YOUR ENGLISH RULE OF LAW HAS USELESS FREEDOMS AND PROTECTIONS,

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES ME GRIEF MY SOLDIERS CHOP THEM UP IN SECTIONS

THERE WON'T BE A REBELLION, IF NONE OF THEM SURVIVES.

THE HARDEST PART IS MANAGING THOSE THIRTY TWO WIVES.

GETTING SOMEONE'S NAME WRONG IS AN ERROR YOU'LL REGRET.

THEN THERE'S ALL THOSE ANNIVERSARIES YOU'D BETTER NOT FORGET.

WHICH ONE GOES FOR CHOCOLATE, WHO PREFERS WHICH FLOWERS?

MIX THEM UP ONE TIME AND THERE'LL BE SLAMMING DOORS FOR HOURS.

YOU ENGLISH THINK YOU HAVE IT BAD, I'M TIRED OF ALL YOUR GROUSES.

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY AND HANDLE THIRTY TWO SPOUSES.

YOU THINK YOU PAY FOR NANNIES, YOU SILLY ENGLISH GRIPERS?

I HAVE TO HIRE THREE SHIFTS JUST FOR THE CHANGING OF THE DIAPERS.

PROTECTING ALL THE NURSERIES REQUIRES EXTRA CORPSMEN.

ALMOST MAKES ME WISH I COULD CONVERT TO BEING MORMON.

KING: (CONT'D)

AND NOW THE WIVES WANT WESTERN CLOTHES, A MILLION
SHOES AND BLOUSES.

THE KINGDOM'S GOING BANKRUPT OVER THIRTY TWO SPOUSES.

I AM THE KING, I AM THE KING, I AM THE KING OF SIAM.

THIS COUNTRY'S LORD AND MASTER IS EXACTLY WHAT I AM.

PATROLLING ALL THE BORDERS, CONTROLLING SUBJECT'S
LIVES,

HARDEST PART IS MANAGING THOSE THIRTY TWO WIVES.

I FEEL I'M GROWING WEAK,

I CAN HARDLY SPEAK,

MY SIGHT BEGINS TO FADE,

THROW ME A BIG PARADE,

SEND ME OUT IN STYLE,

'CAUSE I WENT THE EXTRA MILE,

TRYING TO BRING A SMILE TO THOSE THIRTY TWO WIVES.

Lights down on Yul Brenner.

WINSTON:

So, what do you think?

CHARLENE:

There is no way I'm submitting that song!

WINSTON:

Oh, come on! What's the worst that could happen?

CHARLENE:

I could lose my job. Things aren't the way they were
in the '30s! Mr. Breen retired last year!

WINSTON:

Well, you can't make an omelet without counting your
chickens.



CHARLENE:

You shouldn't kill a bird in the hand.

WINSTON:

But the early bird is worth a thousand words.

CHARLENE:

Hey, two wrongs don't make the heart grow fonder.

WINSTON:

Oh alright, alright. But what am I supposed to do now?

CHARLENE:

Just sit tight, I'm sure something will come come along.

Winston hangs up the phone as lights go down on Charlene. Immediately, the phone rings again. Lights up on Louis Armstrong.

WINSTON:

Hello?

LOUIS:

'Lone! How's the world been swingin'! Listen, I got the word on a movie and you could be just the cat to do the songwritin' for it.

WINSTON:

Really? What's it about?

LOUIS:

Oh, It's a remake of the Jim Stewart flick, Philadelphia Story. Only this time they're makin' it a musical, you dig? And dig this, me and the boys are gonna be in it. And it's starrin' my old pal Bing. I think it's right up your back alley.

WINSTON:

Sounds great, can you get me a script?

LOUIS:

Sure, they're callin' it "High Society," but there's just one thing. Everyone's talkin' 'bout that maybe Mr. Porter will be gettin' the gig, just so you know.

WINSTON:

Thanks, Pops, you're the tops!

LOUIS:

And you ain't the bottoms.

Winston hangs up the phone. Lights down on the apartment and Louis Armstrong. Lights up on Dex, played by Bing Crosby and Tracy, played by Grace Kelley. Tracy has her back turned to Dex, and is organizing the stacks of paper on his desk.

DEX:

You were callin' all the shots. You were dictating the sort of a fella you wanted me to be.

TRACY:

With your background and taste and intelligence, you could have become a serious composer, or a diplomat, or anything you wanted to be. And what have you become? A jukebox hero.

TRACY:

I SAY SIR OLIVIER, YOU COME BACK WITH RAYMOND MASSEY.

I OFFER UP MONACO, YOU BOOK A FLIGHT TO TALLAHASSEE.

WE ARE NOT ON THE SAME PAGE, DEAR.

YOU CHASE WHAT'S ALL THE RAGE, HERE.

WHO CARES IF YOU ARE UP ON THE STAGE.

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DISENGAGE.

YOU COULD BE A MAN IMPOSING, A TITAN DOWN ON BROADWAY STREET.

INSTEAD YOU SPEND YOU TIME COMPOSING TO THAT BOOGIE-WOOGIE BEAT.

WITH ANNOYING DRUMS THAT ARE TOO RAT-A-TATTY, BLARING HORNS THAT ARE TOO BRASSY.

PERHAPS THEY'LL FIND A CURE, ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS

JAZZ AIN'T CLASSY.

DEX:

YOU HAND ME THE OPERA JOURNAL, I WOULD RATHER READ DOWNBEAT.

YOU PUT ON CHOPIN'S NOCTURNAL, FOR ME IT'S ON GREEN DOLPHIN STREET.

WHEN I HEAR THE BACH OR BRAHMS ETUDES DEAR, MY EYES START GETTING VAGUE AND GLASSY.

DEX: (CONT'D)

PERHAPS THEY'LL FIND A CURE, ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS
JAZZ AIN'T CLASSY.

TRACY:

WE WERE RAISED AS PARAGONS OF CULTURE, WEALTH, AND
BREEDING,

DARLINGS OF THE UPPER CRUST, SO WHY THIS
RETROCEEDING?

MY STATUS YOU'RE IMPEDING, I GET SO SICK OF PLEADING.

NOW MY HEAD FEELS SO DULL AND MUDDLED, HOW DID I
BECOME CONFUSED?

WHY SO SCATTERED AND BEFUDDLED, HOW'S A GAL SUPPOSED
TO CHOOSE?

WHEN DID THIS BECOME A MATH EQUATION INVOLVING THREE
LADS AND A LASSIE?

TRACY AND DEX:

PERHAPS THEY'LL FIND A CURE, ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS
JAZZ AIN'T CLASSY.

*Lights down on Dex's office. Lights up on the
apartment.*

JP:

Maybe I should see that movie.

WINSTON:

Oh, don't worry about it, Doc.

*Lights up downstage on the Academy
Representative.*

ACADEMY REP.:

And the final nominee for best original song is "True
Love," by Cole Porter, from High Society.

Lights down on the Academy Representative.

JP:

So when did you stop writing songs?

WINSTON:

Why would I stop? There's so much left to do! I look
(MORE)

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

around, and I'm writing my first song. Then suddenly
it's now and I'm here with you, and I think, better
get busy! In fact, I'm working on something right
now.

WHEN THE LAST DITCH OF SUMMER IS FILLED WITH LEAVES
OF BROWN,

AND PONDS RELEASE THEIR MILLION GEESE SO SUDDEN
NORTHERN BOUND,

WHEN FROST LIES OVER MORNING, FROZEN DEER TRACKS MARK
THE GROUND,

THE SIGHT OF ICE ALONG THE DRIVE

WILL COAX MY SLEEPING HEART ALIVE,

FOR SOUNDLESSLY THE DAYS ARRIVE

WHEN WINTER COMES AROUND.

I COURTED FAIR YOUNG APRIL

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND FREE,

A WORLD OF POSSIBILITIES

SPRINGING UP IN ME.

I FELL IN LOVE WITH JUNE

WHEN I BECAME A MAN,

SCATTERED LIKE A SKY OF RAIN

ACROSS THE FERTILE LAND.

I GAVE MY HEART TO AUTUMN

THE DAY I PASSED MY PRIME,

TREMBLING BRANCHES EMPTIED BY

THE SWIRLING WINDS OF TIME.

AND NOW I WAIT FOR WINTER,

SHE'S PROMISED TO BE TRUE.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

LIGHT FADING OVER SNOWDRIFTS

WILL TURN A DEEPER BLUE.

WHEN WINTER COMES AROUND AGAIN,

SHE'LL FOLD ME IN HER WINDY HAIR.

WE'LL FLY THE DARK AND BRITTLE AIR

WHERE EVERY STAR'S A LONG LOST FRIEND.

JUST FOR ME SHE'LL WRITE HER TUNE

WITH MIGRANT BIRDS ACROSS THE MOON,

AND ALL THE WORLD WILL WELCOME US

WHEN WINTER COMES AROUND AGAIN,

WHEN WINTER COMES AROUND.

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 3-Winston's Apartment

Lights up on the apartment. It is the end of the school year, and time for JP to go home. Winston sits at the piano as usual, and Dougie stands near the front door, with a box of JP's belongings. JP enters from the hallway, carrying a large suitcase.

JP:

That should be the last of it.

DOUGIE:

So long Winston, see you on the flip side. My first Microbiology seminar starts in September.

Winston and JP exchange a look.

WINSTON:

Another crush?

JP:

Absolutely.

Winston and Dougie exchange a complicated handshake, then Dougie picks up the box.

DOUGIE:

See you downstairs, Doc. Surf's up!

Dougie exits through the front door.

JP:

Well, I guess that's everything.

Winston gets up from the piano and walks over to the coat rack. He picks up a scarf and pair of gloves.

WINSTON:

You forgot your scarf and gloves, Doc.

JP waves them away.

JP:

Won't be needing those where I'm going. Don't worry, It's only for the summer. We'll be back for the fall semester. Now don't forget about me while I'm gone. You know what they say, absence makes the heart speak louder than words.

WINSTON:

Oh, right. But don't worry. How could I ever forget you... JP.

JP:

Uncle Winston. The name's Doc.

Suitcase in hand, JP exits through the front door, leaving Winston alone. Lights up downstage on Louis Armstrong.

LOUIS:

The memory of things gone is important to a jazz musician. Things like old folks singing in the moonlight in the back yard on a hot night or something said long ago.

Lights down on Louis Armstrong. In the apartment, Winston returns to the piano. He slowly starts to play, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up," and speeds up as he goes.

WINSTON:

SCRAMBLED, OVER EASY, OMELET OR POACHED,

CORNERED BEEF HASH, SIDE OF TOAST,

BISCUITS AND GRAVY, COFFEE IN YOUR CUP,

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

BUT THE BEST WAY TO ROLL IS KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

The band joins the song. Actor #1 enters.

ACTOR #1:

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

START OFF YOUR DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

Actor #2 enters.

ACTOR #2:

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

Actor #3 enters.

ACTOR #3:

CLOUDS ARE ROLLING IN, COST OF GIN IS HIGH.

TRY A LITTLE SMILE ON THE PEOPLE PASSING BY.

ONE THING YOU CAN COUNT ON, PRICES WILL GO UP,

BEST WAY TO ROLL IS KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

Actor #4 enters.

ACTOR #4:

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP, KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

START OFF YOUR DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

JP enters.

JP:

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

Winston gets up and walks downstage.

WINSTON:

PACK YOUR WORRIES AWAY, BUCK UP AND SAY,
KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP.

The band continues to play, as the cast bows.

LIGHTS DOWN.